

# LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 15.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1825.

## LADIES MUSEUM.

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## Miscellany.

[SELECTED FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.]

### THE FIRE IRONS,

OR FAMILY QUARRELS.

Mr. Chose was gravely reading the original Hæf-r Slawkenbergius, at one side of the fire, and Mrs. Chose sat darning old worsted stockings on the other. By some untoward accident, the fire irons were all on Mrs. Chose's side. 'My dear, (said Mr. Chose,) how miserable it makes me to gaze on any thing that looks ununiform: be kind enough, my dear, to let me have the poker on my side.' Mrs. Chose, who was taking a long stitch at the time, replied, 'I'll give it you presently, my love.' 'Nay, pr'ythee put me out of pain at once; 'tis absolutely quite distressing to my eye; the fire-place looks like a sow with one ear.' 'Oh! fiddle-stick; how can you be so excessively whimsical?' 'How d'ye mean, whimsical?' 'Lord, man, don't be so plagy figety.' 'No, madam, I am no such thing.' 'Pray, sir, don't put yourself in a fluster.' 'I tell you I am not in a fluster.' 'I say, sir, you are: for shame; how can you throw yourself in such a passion?' 'I in a passion?' 'Yes, sir, you are.' 'Tis false!' 'Tis true!' 'Madam, 'tis no such thing!' 'S'death, do you think that I will submit to such provoking language?' 'You shall submit.' 'I won't.' 'You shall.' 'I shan't.' 'I'll make you.' 'You can't.' 'By heavens, madam.' 'By heavens, sir.' 'Hold your tongue, Mrs. Chose.' 'I won't, Mr. Chose.' At it they went, ding dong, with poker and tongues. The more he ranted the more she raved; till at last, trying to out-do each other in provocation, the contention ran so high, that Mr. Chose declared he would not live with Mrs. Chose an hour longer; and Mrs. Chose declared she would not sleep another night beneath the same roof, much less in the same bed! 'Madam, (said the husband,) 'tis time that we should part.'— 'With all my heart,' said the wife. 'Agreed,' said he. 'Agreed,' echoed she. A Lawyer was absolutely sent for to draw up the article of separation; being made, *mirabile dictu!* a peace-loving, strife-quelling sort of a man, (strange being for a Lawyer,) he begged to hear the particulars that led them to

come to such a harsh conclusion. He was ordered to proceed to business, but obstinately persevered in his refusal. Addressing himself to the husband, he said, 'are you both fully agreed upon a separation?' 'Yes!' 'Yes!' exclaimed both parties.— 'Well, sir, what are your reasons for so doing?'— 'Sir, I can't inform you.' 'Madam, will you be so good as to acquaint me?' 'Indeed, sir, I cannot.' 'If this is the case, (said the peace-loving Lawyer,) I venture to pronounce your quarrel has originated in something so frivolous that you are both ashamed to own it.' He urged the point so closely, that he at length extorted the truth; nor did he desist from his friendly interference, until he had the satisfaction to re-establish the most perfect harmony. Warned by his friendly admonitions, this wedded couple grew more circumspect in their words, less aggravating in their manners, and, in short, left off wrangling, and lived happy.

### AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

*"God! that this earth should be so beautiful,  
And yet so wretched! —"*

The sun threw his morning beams in their brightest splendor upon the small family mansion of old George Moreland. It was one of those beautiful days of June which exhibits nature springing forth in her richest lustre. Spring had decorated the earth with her sweetest flowers; the rising sun beams were just sprinkling their golden rays over the varied foliage which covered the distant hills; the early music of the singing bird mingled its melody with the freshness of the morning breeze, and it seemed as if all nature had unusually diffused the mildness of her magic influence over the enchanting scene.

Nor were the charms of so fine a morning unobserved by the family of the Morelands; for, as this was the appointed day when James was to leave his aged parents and only sister, they had risen early; and as they gazed upon the unspeakable beauties of the surrounding scenery, all nature seemed so lovely, that they sorely deprecated the pecuniary necessity which compelled even a temporary separation of a family, whose whole affections were completely centred in each other's happiness.

In their earlier days they had been wealthy; but an unfortunate endorsement by Mr. Moreland for one pretended friend, and the treachery of another, had combined to deprive him of his patrimonial estate; and since the ruin of his fortune he had resided in a retired vale, where a small house and little spot of ground cleared for a farm, comprised all that presented a contrast to the wild majesty of the mountain scenery which enclosed that happy valley. Yet even here they had for many years been happy, and had experienced, in the pleasures of domestic life, a felicity and satisfaction which the gaiety of the world had failed to bestow. And watching the dawning promise of two lovely children, they had been content; but time was weighing his hand heavily upon

them; the wants of the little circle seemed to increase in proportion to their declining strength; and as James had nearly become of age, it had been determined he should try his fortune as a trader among the Indians who inhabit the western and north-western regions of North-America.

Preparations for his departure had previously been made, and it was on the morning just prescribed that they had collected together, as if by common consent, near a little bower in the garden, to enjoy its purity and freshness, while the dread of a separation was overcome only by a hope of meeting again under happier circumstances, and to part no more.— 'Was he ever to return?'— 'When shall they meet again upon this spot?'— 'Would the same kind, indulgent Providence who had hitherto shielded them from want, and guarded their humble dwelling, restore him to their arms?' These were questions, which, although the occasion forced upon their minds, yet no one dared to ask; and the time had so sweetly and insensibly glided along, that the sun had already been two hours on his way ere they were aware the morning had so considerably advanced.— No wonder, under such circumstances, that as James kissed his little sister, his mother, as the moment of parting arrived, wept over the hopes of their old age, and prop of their declining years; and turning towards her husband, a silent tear was seen to roll down his furrowed cheek, as he at last extended to James his 'toil-worn but manly hand,' and invoked the blessing of heaven upon his present enterprise.

Perceiving that delay only increased the pang of parting, James summoned his resolution, and quickly mounting his horse, turned his face, wet with tears, from the habitation of his youth, which had proved to be to him so emphatically 'home, sweet home.' His parents and sister followed him with their eyes, as he galloped up a small declivity of the hill, until a turn in the road relieved him from their sight, and although they had long endeavored to fortify their minds to sustain the trials of such a crisis, yet, in spite of all their efforts, as they bent their last gaze upon his fine youthful form, they felt their hearts sink within them, from a fearful foreboding which they dared not to whisper, but could not suppress—that they had seen him for the last time.

As to James, whatever were the acuteness or intensity of his feelings at parting from those dear to him as life itself, yet the world was before him, with all its alluring charms, whose every hue was heightened by the vivid coloring of an ardent and lively imagination; and the pang he felt at quitting scenes so dear gradually wore away before a succession of objects, novel, attracting, and interesting. Although life to him, as yet, had been but one smooth and unvaried scene, still his prudence and discretion taught him caution and circumspection, and whenever his thoughts reverted homeward, he felt the influence of stronger claims, and the weight of heavier obligations upon his industry and perseverance, than self-

Jonathan W. Spencer



interest, or the acquisition of temporary gain. He had now been gone some time, when a letter announced his safe arrival at the Indian village in Mackinaw, and the prominent advantages of his locating at that place.

Years rolled away. The old gentleman and lady glided smoothly down the stream of life; the continued and timely transmissions of money from James gladdened their hearts and brought felicity and comfort to their humble dwelling; they were happy in the society of their only daughter; and supremely blest in such a treasure as their son; they only waited the period of his return to consummate their earthly happiness.

During his absence from home, James had taken advantage of the most favorable circumstances; uninterrupted success had showered its richest influence upon all his undertakings, and he had, during a period of eight years, amassed a fortune, which, in amount, exceeded even his most sanguine expectations. His conciliating manners among the natives, and his decision and impartiality in settling conflicting claims, and deciding disputes among them, had possessed him of their unlimited confidence, and rendered him a favorite: a confidence and a trust which his strict honesty and native benevolence had never suffered him to neglect or abuse. And though naturally of an ardent disposition, he soon perceived that in managing these children of nature, little else was necessary than a mildness of treatment coupled with a decision of character, and the strictest and most unbending integrity.

He had now, to the fulness of his anticipations, accomplished the object for which he left his father's house, and it was in the mildest and most beautiful part of the month of September, that he prepared to return to his native valley. Having, to his entire satisfaction, arranged his business, he set out on his journey homeward, after taking leave of those native sons of the forest, whose regrets at his departure were equalled only by the ardor and devotedness which had invariably distinguished their friendship for him during his residence among them. As most of his way lay through an unsettled country, he had providently provided himself with proper arms for security against any interruption from those banditti of highwaymen, whose predatory depredations had become so frequent as to render a passage across the mountains lying along the north-western parts of Vermont, and through Canada, extremely dangerous. This he afterwards found to be a salutary precaution, for in more than one instance had he occasion to use them; and he was once well nigh losing his life, when a fortunate blow with his scimeter severed the bridle which a person had seized who rushed from the wood, and at the same moment presented a pistol at his breast.

Escaping, however, all these calamities, how did his heart bound within him as the mountains, one after another, rose upon the view and successively receded, until a journey of fourteen days brought him within a few miles of his native valley. Often had he sat in solitude, many hundred miles distant, surrounded with dangers, and thought upon his parents and his sister, and the unmingled pleasure which should attend their happy meeting. He had quitted them

when young, and before any of the ills of life and calamities of the world had pressed upon his soul; he had foregone the invaluable blessings of society and home; he had often braved surrounding danger, and escaped imminent peril; he had successfully struggled with the vicissitudes of fortune, and triumphantly encountered the opposition of powerful and influential rivals; and all these sacrifices and privations he had endured during eight long and dreary years, from his unbounded affection for those to whose comfort and welfare he subjected every other earthly consideration. And it was this consideration, the thought and consciousness that all his exertions were to bestow blessings and happiness upon others, which sweetened every toil, and mitigated the severity of hardships, which, at times, would seem almost insurmountable, and set his exertions and resolutions at defiance. And as he was now upon the very point of enjoying the rich reward of all his labors and toils, it seemed impossible that any earthly obstacle could intervene to prevent the full fruition of his sweetest hopes.

Zemira had now attained her nineteenth year, and few females could be said to possess so great a degree of personal charms and intellectual endowments as Miss Moreland. She was of the middle stature, neither slender nor of full habit, but her form was that of perfect symmetry, approaching womanhood, which charmed and attracted the admiration of every beholder. The sparkling lustre of her full, yet half smiling black eye, shaded by long lashes; the delicacy of a penciled brow, heightened by the inexpressible beauty of her clear and snow-white forehead, and the rosy glow of health upon a cheek which was dimpled by the sweetest smile, depicted a countenance lovely and interesting beyond description; and the curling ringlets of her beautiful dark hair derived additional charms as they gracefully flowed in unadorned tresses over her neck and shoulders:

“—— *For loveliness  
Needs not the aid of foreign ornament,  
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.*”

But lovely as were the attractions of her person, they were more than equalled by the supremacy of her mind. For, although her opportunities for intellectual improvement were very inconsiderable, and her domestic duties comparatively numerous, yet, considering mental superiority as the highest and most laudable attainment, she had stored her mind with the richest intellectual treasures.

As James, upon his return home, had to pass the door of his uncle, a few miles distant from his paternal residence, he had resolved to stop and enquire of his father's family—and he rode up to the door upon the very afternoon that his sister was upon a visit at that uncle's house. He had scarcely alighted and stepped into the house, when a gaze from him of more than admiration or curiosity excited in Zemira an unusual agitation; she thought of her brother, when, upon his stepping towards her, and mentioning his name, she sprang forward and felt senseless in his arms. The usual salutations being over, Zemira informed him, among other things, that, upon his leaving home, they had recourse, as a means of little profit, to keeping a public inn, in which situation they had ever since remained: and it was pro-

posed between Zemira and James, that he should remain, if possible, undiscovered to his parents until her return on the following day; that, upon her introducing him, the rapture of the meeting might be heightened into ecstasy.

With a joy inexpressible he left the family of his uncle, and in a short time was within sight of his father's house. And although the time of his arrival, at late dusk, favored his wish of concealment, yet, on meeting his aged parents upon the very domicile where he had spent the happiest of his youthful days, he was forced, in spite of all his exertions, to sit down and weep, with sensations he had never before experienced. This circumstance, however, being attributed to the fatigue of travelling, passed away unnoticed; and upon his asking for entertainment, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he brought in a portmanteau, whose contents were gold coin, and, as a caution for them to secure it, told them, with the most undisguised openness, the quantity of money it contained; but as no other person had yet stopped there, for the night, little danger was apprehended on that account. This was, to be sure, but an inconsiderable portion of his acquisitions, as he had, for greater safety and facility of transportation, received from other traders, in exchange for most of his specie, acceptances upon credible houses, to a very great amount. He requested permission to be left alone at supper, where every scene and object around him was a remembrancer of some youthful pleasure; and, desiring to retire earlier than he otherwise would have done, but for fear of discovery, he preceded the old man, almost as if by instinct, to his own chamber. Here, being left alone, he poured forth his soul, in humble adoration and fervent gratitude, to the great Disposer of events, who had safely restored him to his own home; and being exhausted with the events of the day, soon fell asleep.

James having retired, the old people sat for some time in mutual and mute silence. It was a silence they were unaccustomed to observe, and must be the result of some extraordinary feeling. But why did they tremble as they glanced upon each other?—Why propose frequently to speak and let the word die upon their lips? They could not fear this stranger, for his was that open candor and unreserved freedom which neither intends treachery nor expects harm. No! it was another feeling which shook their whole souls, dreadful as death and cruel as the grave. They thought of the stranger. They, whose whole life had been eminently remarkable for exemplary rectitude and unostentatious piety, dared to think, with guilty purpose, of his riches. He was in their power, rich, alone, defenceless, and asleep. They counted his gold.

“—— *Auri sacra fames,  
Quid non mortalia pectora cogis!*”

Hours passed on. How communion with guilt lessens its enormity. It was midnight. And ere the morning sun arose, the earth groaned beneath the awfully horrid super human commission of

“*A deed without a name!*”

The morning beams shone only upon those who had not slept, and with their earliest return to that valley, returned the charming and lovely Zemira.—

And while her eye sparkled with an inexpressible joy, she eagerly enquired, with a smile of angelic rapture, of the traveller who staid at their house last night. "We had nobody at our house last night." "Nobody?" "Not one." "Not a gentleman who was dressed in blue, with the golden star upon his vest, with the silver spurs, and who rode the beautifully dappled grey?" The parents, utterly disconcerted at the correctness of her description, gazed upon each other with a vacant and troubled air.—"Don't keep me any longer in suspense, (said Zemira,) I must see him, here is his ring which he gave me in exchange for mine at my uncle's, yesterday—but why this trembling? why, it was my brother and your son James!" Upon the instant, the mother, with a voice perfectly frantic, and a look almost unearthly, exclaimed, "*Merciful God! we have killed our own son!!*" Zemira gave one wild shriek, and swooned on the floor; for the deadly weight of that dreadful sentence fell like iron upon her soul.

"—— Not all the tears,  
The lingering lasting misery of years,  
Could match that minute's anguish!—All the worst  
Of sorrow's element, in that dark hut,  
Broke o'er her soul—and with one crash of fate,  
Laid the whole hopes of her life desolate."

The old man stood petrified on the spot in silent horror, while his partner, with that dreadful exclamation, fell lifeless at his feet. True, she had literally fallen lifeless, for the wild phrenzy of that awful moment of discovery ruptured a blood vessel, and she never rose more. The father expiated his crime at the hand of a public executioner. From that hour Zemira was bereft of reason, and a few more revolving suns shone upon the very spot near the bower of the garden where they first parted.

There they silently and peacefully slept, and the solitary raven now mingles its terrific scream with the hollow winds which howls over the desolate spot where once dwelt the happy family of the Morelands.

## CHOICE OF A WIFE.

"—— Took his stand  
Upon a widow's jointure land."  
"Mammon wins his way, where seraphs might despair."

There is one apology, in the increasing extravagance of the modern fair for the ridiculous rage that exists among gentlemen, after rich sweethearts; and maidens have not a less tenable excuse for making sure of a full purse, since an empty head is very likely to accompany it.

The really prudent and somewhat home-bred man feels obliged to relinquish the idea of marriage altogether, or defer it to a late period, because it is justly considered a hazardous adventure to marry, on the score of supporting the expenses of modern living.

The first enquiry that our young men make, now, when a woman is proposed for a wife, is, "Is she rich?" And for variety, or a salvo, "Is she handsome?" Let a husband die, and leave a rich widow; or a rich heiress drop into the market; and, Lord bless us! how the beaux scamper,

"—— Hound like,  
In full cry, to catch her."

If there is any shame in this state of things; if sacrificing feelings, that should have their source in the most generous and elevated considerations, to "beau-

ty and booty," is worthy of abhorrence; then, me thinks, the present generation deserves an unenviable share of "blushing honors."

It is not likely I shall have much cash to give with my daughters; and, in fact, I don't want any to give. God grant they may have good sense, a wholesome appearance, unsuspected virtue, affectionate hearts, industrious habits, and then—why, if nobody wants to marry them, they shall help to comfort me in my old age, and help to bear up my spirit, when about to "return to Him who gave it."

I am an old-fashioned fellow, it is true; but I recollect, when I got married, I made no account of money; and if I was going to marry again, I would look for a poor girl, rather than a rich one. If I have a wife, a good one is essential to my happiness, and riches are not. The Athenian General said: 'I had rather marry my daughter to a *man*, without an estate, than to an *estate*, without a man.'

LABAN.

## THE DANDY.

An exquisite of the first water, at Brighton, was some time since applied to, by an urchin on the Steyne, to read for him the inscription on the collar of a stray Dog which he found, in order that he might get something by restoring it to its owner.—More good natured than many of his class, he complied, and read, (tolerable well, considering,) the following lines:

"Steal me not, myself and collar,  
Both are barely worth a dollar:  
Puppies should befriend each other—  
See me home, then, dearest brother."

He put down the Dog, and departed in high dudgeon.

## "FORTUNE'S HOME."

A country fellow, who had just come to ——, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last he looked into a Lottery Office, where, seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; but, calling to the Clerk, pray, sir, said he, what do you sell here? Loggerheads, cried the other. Do you, answered the countryman; egad, then you have a special trade, for I see you have but *one left*.

## LONG BILLS.

A gentleman at an Inn having a very long bill of fare presented to him by the landlord, asked his name. *Partridge*, said the landlord. Indeed, says the guest, I thought it had been *Snipe*, by the length of your *bill*.

## GREAT PARTY.

Said a Lady to her husband, 'I am half inclined, my dear, to attend to the great party without any thing in my head.' 'Well, my love,' replied the husband, 'that will be as you usually appear.'

## MAN TORMENTOR.

A young Lady in Richmond, having in a fit of industry applied herself to *Mantumaking*, affixed over the window of her lodging a painted board, which,

by a trifling orthographical error, was inscribed thus: "Jane Smith, *Man Tormentor*."



## POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

## TO MARY-ANN.

Esteem'd friend, I feel on my heart  
Your image too deeply impress'd;  
I ne'er from love's shrine will depart  
While humanity throbs in my breast.

"Long, long I'll remember those hours,  
Which, alas! but too rapidly flew;  
When mirth wove her chaplet of flowers,  
And all was Elysium—with you.

Now perish the churl who would say  
Such scenes for "illusion" are given;  
To me they more deadly convey  
The joys that are promis'd in Heaven.

How happy, since life's but a dream,  
Would mine be, were such its bright hue;  
How blest that existence would seem,  
Made holy by dreaming of you.

We part—and shall nought, save regret,  
Survive of the joys that are past?  
Ah! fancy shall picture them yet,  
While the visions of memory last.

One boon I implore, ere we part—  
What'er our destinies may be:  
While numb'ring the friends of your heart—  
Oh! give a remembrance to me!"

THOMAS.

## FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

The smiles of the summer no longer are glowing,  
And dead are the blossoms which hung from the tree,  
And dark from the mountains the streamlet is flowing,  
And frozen the dew-drop that spangled the lea:  
But the tempest of winter may strip every bower,  
And rife the verdure of garden and grove:  
We heed not the storm, tho' around us it lower,  
Whilst the heart is devoted to friendship and love.

Dear social affection of Eden, still breathing,  
Thy magic can teach every landscape to bloom,  
The bare waving branches with blossoms enwreathing,  
And bid them the tints of fresh roses assume:

Then what, tho' no verdure embellish the bower,  
Nor strains of sweet melody gladden the grove;  
We fear thee not, Winter, we'll baffle thy power,  
Whilst the heart is devoted to *friendship and love*.



## SERENADE.

Wake thee, dearest—now's the hour  
When all but Love are sleeping,  
And hasten to this holy bower,  
Ere twilight grey is peeping :  
There, with harp and heart sincere,  
Thy Lover true doth tarry,  
Then hear his vow, and list his pray'r,  
Which, to thee, zephyrs carry.

'Tis now the stilly hour of night,  
The star of Love is beaming ;  
Oh, dearest, wake, thy love delight,  
Tho' e'en of him thou'rt dreaming :  
All nature sleeps, the moon is bright,  
Our guiding star beams o'er us,  
Then fly with me, my love, this night,  
For bliss is now before us.

Now I see thy lattice opes,  
And now thou art appearing,  
My beating heart, my love-built hopes,  
Thy presence sweet becheering :  
Thy voice is like the Zephyr's breath,  
So gentle, soft, reviving ;  
Thy beauty, like the rosy heath,  
When fresh in dew 'tis thriving.

I doat on thee, by thy bright eyes,  
By stars that beam above ;  
My deep, sincere and heart-felt sighs,  
Attest to thee, my love :  
Then fly with me, and cheer my hours,  
While silence hovers o'er us ;  
All nature sleeps, then leave these bowers,  
For bliss is now before us.

IVANHOE.

## THE HAPPY MOTHER.

Methinks the prettiest touch of earthly bliss  
Is when a Mother gazes on her child,  
Her infant babe, and gives that long sweet kiss  
Which thrills the soul with rapture soft and wild.

Tracing with rapid eye its little form,  
As on her lap the tiny creature smiles ;  
Emblem of innocence—to which her warm,  
Fond bosom swells in love that fear beguiles.

Now, at arm's length, she feasts her longing gaze,  
Then quickly darts it to her pouting lip ;  
Views it still o'er, while glad she plays,  
And from its mouth seems honied joy to sip.

O ! thrilling transport ! unalloy'd delight ;  
Her little world of happiness—how fair ;  
The joyous pride which makes her sorrows light,  
And well repays her for a mother's care.

But hush ! young sleep now lights upon its brow,  
Her half-drawn breath may not disturb its rest ;  
With gentlest motion see it press'd—and now—  
'Tis softly pillow'd on its mother's breast.

## LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

You may talk and parade of your true 'cottage love,'  
Of the pleasure upon it attending ;  
But I'm for the girl whose attractions can move,  
With her ten thousand guineas appending.

Oh! who would not love, when by such causes mov'd?  
An Anchorite's heart it would mellow,  
To touch the bright pelf, which by all is approv'd,  
If belonging to white, brown, or yellow.

Then give me the nymph, with ten thousand pounds  
clear,  
To cherish this 'love in a cottage ;'  
With that to support it through each coming year,  
I could love—I do think—till my dotage.

A LOVER.

## LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1825.

## THEATRE.

The Boston Gazette of Monday last says, "the lady announced for *Queen Elizabeth*, this evening, we understand, is a Mrs. SAGE, from Providence, and not Miss ———, of this city, as is generally reported."

## A PROMISING BABY.

The Fayetteville (N. C.) Sentinel, of October 12, says, that there is, at the present time, in Marion District, S. C. a boy, the son of a black woman belonging to Mr. John M'Leod, who, at the age of three months, walked a quarter of a mile with ease and without assistance. He is not quite nine months old, yet speaks sensibly and deliberately, rides on horseback to any place when assisted to mount, and does not weigh more than from eight to ten pounds. He sometimes grasps the horse firmly by the mane, throws his heels in the air, and performs several other antic tricks with all the agility of an equestrian monkey.

## RING DROPPING.

A small but smart boy rapped at the door of a house in Philadelphia, and enquired for the lady of the house. The lady came, and the boy presented her a moderate sized finger ring, on the inside of which was stamped the word 'pure.' 'I was passing, Ma'am,' said the boy, 'and just on your steps I picked up this gold ring, and wish to know if it belongs to you or any of the family.' The lady examined the ring, praised the boy's honesty, and requested him to leave it and call again that she might have time to ascertain whether any lady had dropped such a ring in going from the house. The boy said he lived a great way off and could not call again, but if the lady would please to give him a quarter of a dollar, he would leave her the ring, and if he could he would call again. The lady gave him the quarter of a dollar, kept the ring, and the boy departed, and has not since returned. It is scarcely necessary to add, that in a few hours the ring was ascertained to be brass—and not worth a cent.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Proprietor of the Ladies Museum has discovered, with regret, that a couple of communications, inserted in two of his late papers, have given offence to some of his most respectable readers ; he pledges himself that he had no idea of *personality*. The Museum was established with the humble attempt to *instruct and amuse*—and it is not only *unmanly*, but

*ungenerous*, in the extreme, for anonymous writers to attempt to make this paper a vehicle for the indulgence of *private envy*, and leave its Editor to be responsible.



## MARRIED,

In this town, on the 26th inst. by Rev. Mr. Wilson. Mr. Thomas J. Wardwell, to Miss Lydia H. Greene, daughter of Maj. Wm. F. Greene, all of this town.

In Little-Compton, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Paine, Mr. Nathaniel Church, to Miss Sarah C. Wood, all of that place.

In Rehoboth, on the 25th ult. Mr. Alexander A. Seaver, of Holden, Mass. to Miss Nancy Newman, daughter of Rev. David Newman, of the former place.

In Stafford, Conn. by Rev. Zelotes Fuller, Mr. Joseph P. Pinney, to Miss Marther Hyde. Also, at Preston, Mr. John Hibbard, to Miss Frances Eliza Roath. Also, at Norwich, Mr. Wm. S. Marshal, to Miss Mary G. Williams.



## DIED,

In this town, on the 23d inst. Henry Martin, son of Mr. Martin Burr, aged 15 months.

On the 26th inst. Samuel Billings, infant son of Mr. Pasco Hanes, aged 1 year and 8 months.

On the 28th inst. Mrs. Rebecca Power, relict of the late Nicholas Power, Esq. in her 79th year.

Same day, Mr. Ziba Darling, in the 59th year of his age.

On Tuesday afternoon, Col. James Valentine, aged 36 years, only son of William Valentine, Esq. of this town.

Mr. Constant Taber, at an advanced age.

In Hartford, Conn. Oct. 8th, Laurelia Ruggles, only child of Rev. John Bisbe, aged 16 months.

In Salem (N. H.) George T. son of Rev. Wm. Bell, aged 4 years.

At Stafford Springs, the amiable Mrs. Lucy, consort of Elijah Johnson, Esq. aged 47 years. In the death of Mrs. J. her beloved husband has lost a kind and affectionate wife ; her children, a tender mother ; and her numerous acquaintance, a faithful friend.

At Pensacola, on the 23d of September, George F. Brent, formerly of Virginia. On his death bed, and only a few hours before he expired, a most interesting scene took place. He expressed a wish to be united to the object of his most heart-felt affection—an affection which was warmly reciprocated, and which had occasioned an engagement of long standing. His wish was promptly complied with, and he was married to Miss Merced A. Gonzalez, by the Rev. Mr. Maenhaut, of the Catholic church, of which they were both members. He then took leave of his friends, separately, and breathed his last !

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